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1. Prologue

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You know what they say? About learning about how people hide the truth? Well, it hurts a lot... you're wondering who I am. Am I correct? Well, I am Fumikage Tokoyami....I have a younger twin brother named Hikari... he looks like me, but he has white hair and a human face... and me?...

I used to be normal....

I never wanted to have a head of a bird...I asked my mother, and she said it was a condition... that resulted from my grandfather using the final form of Shadow Breathing, but Hikari looked frozen in fear, as if he knew she was lying to protect me from the truth...

Shadow Breathing is a Breathing Style that was passed down through my paternal grandfather's mother's family... the Tsuki Family...There are eight forms in total, with the eighth being the final form. The final form was cursed because a Yōkai named Tsukiyomi Amekami, the creator of Shadow Breathing, betrayed his own kind and went down a dark path, driven by the desire to surpass his younger twin sister....Amako....It was ironic. Amako was named after the sun goddess, Amaterasu Okami, while Tsukiyomi was named after the moon god,

Tsukuyomi no Mikoto.

My paternal grandfather...Tsukikage... was a Shadow Moon Yōkai Hashira as he used both Moon Breathing and Shadow Breathing. However, he primarily used the Moon Breathing. My mother told me that I looked like him, but he has a human face. She also said that Hikari, my younger twin brother, looked exactly like our granduncle named Hikaru... sadly, he died in the aftermath of the final fight against the Onryō Queen, from being low on energy he would've used to regenerate his wounds.

I'll start at the very beginning....

If you're wondering, you may know the Yōkai as apparitions or spirits that take the form of different animals, humans, or objects. Well, the type of Yōkai that I am speaking of....they are not...those you hear in books.

For centuries, the Yōkai had been residing in the Yōkai Realm until they discovered a way into the human realm. Most Yōkai that reside in the Yōkai Realm are animals, but in every region, there are natives. These Yōkai natives have human appearances but animal features. You might even say that some have aspects or animal traits that look similar to some of the creatures in those Pokémon games.

These natives are reminiscent of demons, but it is a taboo for them to eat humans, and they don't use blood demon arts. Their abilities were dubbed...Yōkai Arts...They possess one or a combination of elemental powers depending on the parentage, and they are also capable of shapeshifting into the type of Yōkai they are. These forms are referred to as Yōkai forms...

When they seeped into the human realm before the Heian period, there was at first panic among humanity, until the Yōkai Guardian at the time, Reiichi Yūrenagi, eased their fears and extended an olive branch, allowing the Yōkai and humanity to coexist and thrive. But that brought danger...

During the Heian period, a man named Muzan Kibutsuji was

born and diagnosed with a rare heart condition...The doctors and the physician suspected that he would die at age 20...After experiencing near-death as a newborn, he became afraid of death...During those years, fearing death, the only comfort he had was from a kitsune named Seiko, who was the runt of her litter. She fell in love with Muzan for his strong will and resilience, and he had been the light of her life by accommodating him and trying to make him feel as normal as possible despite his condition...But when he became a demon, she stayed by his side for the first few weeks before they married and had a litter of five daughters and a boy on the way....until then, the Sengoku period, where Muzan lost his temper and killed the four eldest of the children, leaving behind the unborn child and the youngest daughter...

Some Onryō were Yokai transformed out of their grief and are usually more elusive...but the ones that have been killing Yokai...they're half demon...half Yōkai...they can take form of monstrous forms and rely on eating humans, but mainly Yokai ...these Onryō can be killed by decapitation with nichirin blades, and wisteria poison infused with red spider lily...they can't use their Yōkai Demon Arts when they're under the sun for they change into how they looked like when they're humans...Well... all except the leader of the Onryō and her offspring... The leader was known as Kurai Kibutsuji...I don't know much about her, but the only thing I know is that she was the youngest daughter who survived...Driven by vengeance against both her father and the Yokai who had her ostracized for staying with him despite knowing about the number of humans he had killed...She became the Onryo Queen...

Back to my brother's and my story...

Throughout our lives, I always remember that we didn't grow up with a father. Only our paternal grandfather, Tsukikage, has been supporting her, especially since she lost her only family to old age, that being her mother. When I tried asking my mother about my father, she told me that he's in heaven because he passed away... But I had noticed that Hikari always

flinched at the mention of father...I have always seen him trying to protect me. Some memories of why he could've been so protective were unknown...He told me the truth...

He said how we used to live happily, but not all good things last forever.....What he said next had surprised me...He had been suffering from night terrors... nightmares about how our father died...and what led to that point....I couldn't remember because we were infants at the time...He told me how I got the bird head... but also... how I'd be fearful of what might happen... if he got angry or panicked...

That night

It was nighttime as the two children were asleep. Hikari tossed and turned in his bed, trying to sleep in peace. As he slept with flashes of horrors that no baby should've ever experienced...

Flashes of five figures imbued with negative energy forged from the ashes of a person's grief or anger. In the middle is a female figure who looked angelic in nature, only to be a wolf in sheep's clothing, as it was an Onryō born from a mother's grief over the loss of their baby.

The figure took Fumikage and intended to use him as a vessel to resurrect her deceased son, thus giving Fumikage a bird's head.

Hikari's infant cries for his brother rang out through the nightmare as he tried to reach for Fumikage but couldn't reach him....Then the sounds of gunshots and the voice of his own father...and then a distorted voice...

"Give me back my son!"

"I'll finally have my son back"

"AHHHHH!"

Hikari sprouted feathers on the back of his hand as he cried out in fear for his brother's safety. He starts down at his hand, which has changed. His nails have sharpened into a talon-like shape, and the back of his hand is covered in feathers running down the back of his forearm. Fumikage barges into the room with eyes full of concern and worry for his younger brother.

"Hikari! I heard you screaming? Are you alright, brother?!"

Hikari looks at him, but the sclera of his left eye is black as a void. His crimson red eye is surrounded by black as ink. Fumikage walked to Hikari and held his hand.

"Breathe in and out..."

Hikari followed his lead. In...and out.

"...I had the same nightmare..."

Fumikage frowns and hugs him, causing Hikari to flinch. Hikari looked at his own arm again. The feathers receded, and the nail retracted to its normal length as he calmed himself and regained his Total Concentration Breathing Constant. Shoku barged in as he sensed Hikari's distress. He is their brother but only genetically related as he is a bioengineered creation (his story will be for another chapter). Shoku has black hair with large white streaks on the sides. His purple-faded, cyan eyes are rather triangular, with two small black triangles just below his tear ducts and in the top corners of his eyes, making them resemble a bird's eyes. He has feather marks along his temples near his eyes. He also has long, black, faded-to-white wolf ears with long, black tips, making them look reminiscent of lynx ears. He has a black snow leopard tail with a white pattern.

"What troubles you, brother?!"

"Another nightmare...same place..."

Shoku has a slight frown on his usually stoic face as the worry for

Hikari's mental health grows. He left the room and returned with an aromatherapy diffuser from his own room.

"Here, I'll let you use this for now."

Hikari nods in thanks to him as Shoku sets up the diffuser and adds a bit of lavender-scented essential oil. When it was turned on, the scent of the lavender flowed and lingered in the room allowing Hikari to calm down.

"Get some rest, okay?"

Hikari nods before calming down thanks to the scent of the lavender scent. Fumikage rubs Hikari's back.

"Try to get some sleep...we'll talk in the morning."

"Okay..."

Fumikage walked out of the room to go back to sleep. After he left, Hikari looks back down at the back of his own hand and forearm where the feathers recede.

".....**I need to control it.....**"

This is the beginning of Hikari's story....and his growth to accept himself

Author's Note:

I hope you enjoy the prologue of my new story. This story was inspired by many Akaza Deku stories as well as Kokushibo Deku stories, but I have to give the credit of the ones who inspired me to make this story to kevondre14 BassoonIvy TheWonderingWriter56 and MetalOverlord . They're the ones I have to thank for inspiring me to write this story. There will be more stories like this one coming soon but they're my ocs. So stay tune for that. Plus don't forget to comment if you want me to continue this story. Remember! Stay Cool and Bring Your imagination to life! Peace ✌!

Also I have chosen to rewritten this because I felt like it's getting boring or I feel like the characters aren't getting a character growth and just pointing out the flaws so I hope you enjoy this remake.